

WAY DOWN IN A SILVER MINE

Descending a Thousand Feet into the Earth by Way of a Bucket.

WHERE DARKNESS AND SILENCE REIGN

One Resembling Yellow Clay—Some Women Who Possess Nerve—A Lower Region that is Too Wet for Fires.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 24.—[Correspondence of The Bee.]—Did you ever go down a silver mine? While in Leadville the other day I noticed several cars of what looked to my eyes like yellow clay, more yellow, truly, than the Nebraska clay from which brick is made, and on inquiry was told that it was silver ore from Carbonate hill, enroute to the smelters. I could not help but contrast the differences in the ore from that obtained from the silver mines in the Clear Creek district, which is of a dull, lead color and hard, but then I was not "up'n" ores, so that accounted for it. Leadville's glory as taking the foremost rank as the silver camp in the state has somewhat declined. Only a few years ago Carbonate hill, the Little Pittsburg mine and Leadville itself were household words throughout the state, and in mining circles created the greatest excitement. Carbonate hill, lying to the east of the city, is completely honeycombed with thousands of shafts and the names of paying mines in past days would fill an ordinary city directory. Things have changed, however. There are not many paying ones now, the decline in silver striking the working mines of low grades ores impracticable. For several months, even the paying ones have been shut down until some settlement as to the market and differences in labor was adjusted. Some, however, have had to be operated to a limited extent to keep them from filling up.

While spending the evening at the house of a friend the conversation turned to mines and mining, and it was finally agreed that we should form a party and visit the mine of one of the gentlemen present, who expected to strike it rich almost at any time. I might say that this is the "hope on which many go broke," though of course there are some who have struck it "rich and struck it hard, too." The following morning we drove over to Carbon Hill, a party of four, two Leadville ladies, the manager and myself. Arriving at the shaft house the manager hunted up some old rubber clothes and gave them to us with the significant remark that we had better don them, as we might find it a trifle wet down there.

Let Down in a Bucket.

I had pictured in my own mind stepping into a cage similar to an elevator and stepping down an electric lighted hole in the ground. I was disappointed. Instead there were simply a few boards thrown together to shelter the bucket and a rope leading from it, entering a square hole, over which hung a bucket similar to a well digger's, only a trifle larger. A rope was expected to do the work, and I asked, "What you replied the manager, 'How deep is it?' I apprehensively asked, 'Well, we are down about the tenth level, a little over 1,000 feet.' I looked at the ladies, who had already donned their rubbers, to see what effect the conversation would have on them, for if I had seen the least trace of timidity on their part I had made up my mind to back out. But there was none, and I tremblingly knew I was in for it.

The manager stepped into the bucket, remarking that he would descend first, have lights ready, and on signal I could descend with the ladies. "Go ahead, Jim," he remarked to the engineer, who stepped to the engine, and the manager suddenly disappeared from view.

Female Pluck.

Shortly afterward the engine was reversed and the bucket came up. The ladies stepped in without any trepidation whatever and I sorrowfully followed. A bell rang and we suddenly dropped out of the light of the world. Thoughts of "A Journey to the Center of the Earth" entered our heads and we held our breath and the bucket and in a most incredibly short space of time the bucket stopped, our friends standing at the opening of a tunnel with lighted candles and remarked: "Be rather careful in stepping out; you are now rather 1,000 feet and there is water to the depth of 100 feet below you.

An Awful Silence.

This was not particularly reassuring and I was heartily glad to see that the lights were so dim that the ladies could not see my face. The manager led the way through the tunnel, and we observed that the earth resembled the yellow ore that I had noticed on the cars. No human pen can adequately describe the fearful silence that existed! Our watches ticking sounded as loud as a clock, and holding the breath, one could hear the heart beat. The only sound that broke the silence would be enough to send the miners crazy," I remarked. "Oh, they get used to it, and never give it a thought," was the reply.

The Pay Struck.

The manager took us to the end of the tunnel that exposed the ore vein. Holding the bucket steady, he stepped into it and showed us a thin streak of silver thread surrounded with a bright yellow shining clay. This clay is what is called giant clay and surrounds the silver ore. The manager was getting better all the time," he remarked, "but we are trespassing on another man's property and had to regretfully quit, however, for are not another lead in another part of the mine and expect to strike it any time."

Back to Daylight.

After supplying ourselves with samples we were hoisted to the surface. The shaft was dripping with water from the top of heavy timbers that it was walled up with, and we appreciated our rubber garments. It was a genuine sign of relief that escaped us (at which the others laughed), as we stepped from the bucket wet and covered with clay. Still it was an experience that was novel and highly enjoyed.

There are many mines of course, that are deeper and in every way better equipped, going down which must be a positive pleasure compared with the trip we made.

We left convinced that the miners, with their risk and labor, certainly deserved every cent they earned. F. W. P.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

The increase in the use of the current for light and power in Germany is very great. In the past year the number of incandescent lamps has increased from 87,753 to 108,694 and the total output of current has grown from 45,990,000 ampere hours to 53,000,000. The electric light, gas and telephone companies of Toronto have this year, for the first time, been assessed on their main poles and wires. In the case of the Toronto Electric Light company this will mean an increase of taxation from \$1,200 to about \$1,800 per year. The test recently made on the Bonaharri canal of the closing of lock gates by electric motors was so successful that it has been decided to adopt electric power for the lock gates of the nearly completed Souzera canal on the St. Lawrence river. Whenever electricity has been used for this purpose it is found that the operation which normally took four men four minutes to accomplish can be completed with the greatest ease by the motors in about one minute. Street car companies have for some time been weighing the question of making easy distinctions between trolley cars of one pattern and painting, but in operation on different branches the problem appears to have been satisfactorily solved by a device which has been introduced on a Canadian street car line. Above the head of a white circle, a red triangle, a green square, or other distinctive emblem, according to the locality for which the car is bound. These signs are large enough to be seen at a long distance and are to be illuminated, so as to be distinct at night as well as by day. The remarkable electric experiments recently made in Berlin in which a bar of iron was apparently melted by inserting it in cold water, has attracted the attention of further investigation on the same line. The apparatus used is a vessel of glass or porcelain, with sheet metal electrodes connected with the positive pole of a continuous current generator. The vessel contains sulphuric acid and water. A flexible cable from the motor is connected to a strong pair of pliers with insulated handles. Taking in the pliers a piece of metal of any kind—iron, for instance—and immersing it in the acidulated water the liquid is soon immediately in ebullition near the iron rod or plate, which latter is rapidly heated and brought to a dazzling white in a few seconds, and soon begins to melt in sparklike drops. The heating is produced so quickly locally that neither the water nor the body of the metal rod has time to become hot. So rapid an evolution of heat means a tremendously high temperature. In a very short time as high as 7,000° F. has been developed. Some of the London electrical supply firms are taking very sensible and practical steps to enable the public to readily enjoy the advantages of electric heating. They are not only lending out electric cooking stoves to customers, but are prepared to supply a separate meter and charge half rates for cooking, which they can afford to do, inasmuch as the consumption takes place during the day, when the dynamo must generate electricity and when there is little demand for lighting purposes. Besides these stoves there are breakfast cookers, in which eggs and bacon may be cooked on the breakfast table; electric plate warmers, which are mounted for London clubs, for they can be kept in the dining room without any offensive smell; electric foot warmers, hot plates, electric kettles, fixtures, ornamental screens which act as radiators of heat and warm a room, electric curling-iron heaters for ladies and electric shaving pots for gentlemen.

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THE THEATERS.

"The Masked Ball," which comes to the Boyd on tomorrow evening, and continuing the two following evenings, with matinee Wednesday, had its first production in New York City on October 3 of last year. It proved before the curtain went down that night that Manager Charles Frohman had the luck of getting a play which was better than "Wilkinson's Widows," by the same author, and unlike most of the modern comedies, "The Masked Ball" is really positively, genuinely funny. It is a three-act play of a very gay, lively, galling yet improper sort, and the piece which is set at a very rapid rate from the outset is capably well maintained and is managed with a steady crescendo effect till the close of the piece. A dry skeleton of the plot gives no notion of the fun of "The Masked Ball." It is said to be full of invention, has more shapes in its action than a protuberant nose, more colors than a chameleon and more changes than an April day. The farcical touch is what it should be; it exaggerates the truth of life, does not contradict it, and so amuses without being silly. The dialogue, stage business and costume are used with such inventive ingenuity as to delight the artistic sense, and it would be hard for a season theater-goer to believe that a lady's masked ball costume, and a gentleman's carnival pastebored nose could successfully do the duty of perfect disguise, and have an effect both of the probable and the comical, yet all this is done in "The Masked Ball." The fun is light, wholesome and decently relating to life and nature.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is a distinctively American drama in both its conception and treatment. The Indian question is its theme, a distinctly native one, and the authors have undertaken to solve the difficult problem of creating a frontier drama without its usual accompaniment of sensationalism. The scene is at a military garrison in the Blackfoot country, Montana, and the drawing room element thus becomes strongly and naturally in evidence. The story deals with the love affair of the daughter of the general in command of the garrison. The hero and the villain are lieutenant and both are in love with her. The bravery of the one and the cowardice of the other figure prominently in the story, which moves along simultaneously with an uprising of the Indians, the besetting of the post, the helpless power of the inmates and the final rescue. General Kennerly, commanding the department, has a daughter, Kate, who is betrothed to Lieutenant Parlor, bravely she has had a little love affair with another young lieutenant of the same troop, Edgar Hawkesworth, and on the eve of her marriage she discovers that her heart is still true to her lover. Still she resolves to carry out her contract, and the closing incident of this act is the marriage of the whole troop to wish her happiness in her marriage. The second act opens in the post barracks during a ball. There are reports of an Indian uprising and the two young lieutenants have been sent on a scouting expedition. This act ends with a thrilling climax. The third act is an American "Kismet of Lucknow." The post, few in numbers, is surrounded by bloodthirsty savages. At last resistance becomes hopeless, and at her own request the general is about to kill his own daughter to save her from falling into the hands of the savages, when in the distance she hears the bugles of the Montreal and Boston, short circuit. The relief is successful, and the garrison is saved. The fourth act is devoted to straightening out the love affair of a young sergeant and a lieutenant. The sergeant, west, and also the attachment of Lieutenant Hawkesworth's sister, Lucy, for Private Jones, a tribulation which is the hero's head. Justice is satisfied, peace restored, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" returns to her true love.

This production will be presented at Boyd's new theater next Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday matinee. Today Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron and their company will close their present engagement at Boyd's theater by giving two performances of the play, "The Plunger," because the hero is always plunging after something. At first it is for a woman, and then he finds out that the woman is not the one he is looking for. In the second act a man is brought from the fifth floor of a house. The third act discloses a villa upon the picturesque coast of the Riviera, and the fourth act, which is the most interesting, is the story of a woman from being run over by a railroad train. The fifth and last act brings the piece to a pleasing termination, and the happy by-product of the confession of a murderer and the gaining of a bride. At the evening performance there will be 550 seats at 50 cents each.

"The Stowaway," which opens this afternoon at the Fifteenth Street theater for a four nights' engagement, is one of the most successful melodramas ever given in this country. It has remained secure in popular esteem for half a dozen years, and still shows no signs of wanting popularity. Its success may be attributed solely to its unquestionable merit and the excellent manner in which it has always been played and mounted. It belongs to the good old melodramatic school, and its stirring scenes and thrilling situations, all of which are worked up to fitting climaxes by the skillful hand of young Collier and his play, and it is a source of gratification to see so young a comedian so near the top of the ladder, for it is not five years since he was a cat boy in Daly's theater, New York, and it has been by the use of legitimate methods entirely that he has worked his way to the front. The company this season is stronger than ever. Among the women are Louise Allen Collier, Helena Collier, Helen Helmer, Madge York, Mae Davenport and several other well known names. Sherman Wade plays the part of Lawyer

Charles Hoss, taken by Mark Sullivan last season. Ed Redway takes Arthur Motter's part as Birdie Hoss, the judge's son. The remainder of the cast is unchanged and includes James B. Gray as Hank Thanka, the sheriff, R. R. Mendenhall as Andrew, Thomas D. Daly, M. L. Heckert, Albert Foster. The music has been arranged by, and is now under the direction of, Emil O. Wolf.

Musical and Dramatic.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has, it is said, received \$20,000 as his share of the profits in "The Lost Chord."

McKee Rankin has left the Drowsy company and has organized a company for the Alcazar theater in San Francisco.

It is stated that the receipts for the first week of the Irving engagement at the Columbia exceeded \$35,000.

Mme. Lillian Nordica was the star of the recent Worcester, Mass., music festival, and evinced a veritable ovation at every appearance.

Walter Damrosch has returned from Europe and commenced rehearsals with his symphony orchestra in New York.

Statistics say that the fifty-two theatrical organizations in the United States went into bankruptcy last week and the end is not yet.

During the year 1893 over 6,000 pieces of music will be published in France. In 1892 9,753 pieces were published in Germany and 5,573 in France.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has a new play entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte," which he intends to produce after he does "The Merchant of Venice."

Mme. Lillian Nordica has been engaged by the Oratorio society to sing in the "Messiah," to be given at Music Hall, New York, on December 29 and 30.

Lillian Russell sailed from New York for Havana Thursday. The object of her visit to Cuba is to get ten little natty boys to play in "Princess Nicotine."

Bandmaster Sousa was presented with a gold medal a week ago at his concert at the St. Louis exposition. Governor Stanton made the presentation speech.

Charles H. Hoyt is hard at work looking "A Milk White Flag" into shape. This will be a farce comedy, pure and simple, and will be produced in Boston in December.

Alexander Salvini and Paul Kester are at work on a new play entitled "Zamar, the Farouk King," and the piece which is set at Madrid in Spain during the time of Philip II.

The finishing touches are being applied to B. F. Keith's magnificent new theater in Boston. This house will have more seating capacity than any other theater edifice in Boston.

Miss Carlotta Desvignes, contralto, who for the last three years has taken part in musical festivals in Great Britain and France, has arrived in New York under an engagement to sing in oratorio and concerts during the season.

Clara MacDonough, author of the text of "The Algerian," is only 28 years old and passed five years as a reporter on the New York World before he succeeded in writing two or three successful plays and raising his income to about \$8,000 a year.

Mme. Minnie Hauk, after visiting the exposition, will fulfill engagements in the west and in California, and return to Europe by way of Japan. Mrs. Hauk is a student studying Japanese industriously, and is said already to be able to converse in that language.

Henry Marteau, the French violinist, has gone to Vienna to study the new Scotch suite by Max Bruch with the composer. Marteau will concertize in Frankfurt, Mayence, Cologne, Berlin and Leipzig before sailing for America in November.

There is now singing in Berlin, under the stage name of Princess Pocahontas, a half-breed Indian girl, and it is said to have been discovered some years ago in San Francisco by the late Karl Forster. She has a high soprano pronounced of worth by the Berlin critics.

Adelina Patti will sing the role of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," at her reappearance at Music Hall, New York, November 2. The rest of the cast will embrace Mme. Fabris as Siebel, Mr. Durward as Faust, Sig. Novara as Mephistopheles and Miss Louise Engel as Maria.

James O'Neill is accredited with a great success in the city of Richmond, Va., where he was evaded at Worcester, Mass., a week ago Friday night. "Richie" will hereafter have a permanent place in Mr. O'Neill's repertory.

Mr. Marcus R. Mayer announces that Mme. Patti will leave London for Liverpool October 28, and will take passage on the Lucania, arriving in New York on Friday or Saturday. Her first appearance will be at Carnegie Music hall, Thursday, November 8, when will be presented a miscellaneous program and the third act of "Faust."

On concluding their engagement in Chicago the Conquell-Hading company will go direct to San Francisco. After they have left that city these French artists will go to New Orleans without stop. They will afterward appear in Washington, Philadelphia, Montreal and Boston, short circuit. The company will begin a nine weeks' engagement at Abbey's theater in New York.

The lightning during the storm scene in "The Algerian" at the Chicago Opera house was particularly well imitated and the apparatus for producing it is absolutely unique. It consists of one fine wire, one equally odd piece of brass rod and one short circuit. Real lightning is the result, and the effect is excellent, far surpassing the artificial flash of the magnesium light formerly used to obtain this result.

Mme. Modjeska's tour begins at Buffalo October 16. Her repertory will include "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "Mary Stuart," "You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing." In addition, she will have an adaptation of Heinrich Heine's "The Rabbi of Bamberg," which will be rechristened "Magda." Mme. Modjeska has purchased the sole right to the English version of the play.

Joseph Jefferson, who is now in excellent health and strength, will tour October 23 at the Walnut Street theater in Philadelphia, appearing in a special and elaborate production of "The Merchant of Venice." The great comedian has the assistance of a competent company, including George F. Nash, Edwin Farrey, Joseph Warren, H. Odlin, Christopher Hill and the young comedienne Mack-Berlein, Blanche Bender, Minnie Parker, Baby Parker, little Nanna Fowler and Mrs. Cameron.

The theaters in Boston have found it necessary to adopt measures to curtail the cost of "window advertising"; that is, to cut down the number of passes issued to the occupants of shops and restaurants and other announcements of performers to be exhibited. The wonder is that intelligent managers waste any money or passes upon such comparatively unimportant matters. The people who attend theaters are the readers of daily papers.

Mme. Christine Nilsson, now known as the countess of Miraflores, has spent the greater part of the year in a fine house—almost a palace—at Madrid. In its internal decoration she has displayed a certain amount of eccentricity, for her bedroom is papered with sheets of music from the scores of the various operas that she has interpreted, while the walls of the dining room are covered with a collection of hotel bills. The result of the singer's many professional travels in both hemispheres.

HE GAVE IT UP.

Most persons seeing Colonel Kilgore's name in cold type will imagine that they know how to pronounce it, says a Washington correspondent. The correct way isn't as easy as it looks. That "bawn and raised southerner" Senator George Kilgore, who is now in charge of the lobby end of the capitol the other day. At the entrance he encountered one of the smart young doorknockers detailed by Tammany to come down from New York to help run congress.

"How," said Senator Kilgore, "you go on the loath and tell Kuni' Keel-goh to come to the doh."

The Tammany man looked at the senator a little curiously, as if he half suspected something in the way of a guy. Then he went in without a word. In a few minutes he came out, and addressing the senator, he said impressively: "Kuni' Keel-goh can't come to the doh, because he's gone to the stoh and won't be back till he's had a wash."

MASTER SPIRIT OF THE UNION

The Many-Sided Genius Who Guided the Nation Through Rebellion's Storm.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Senator Palmer's Recollections of the Marred Chief Executive, Illustrating His Marvelous Grasp of the Popular Will—Instructive Anecdotes.

There are few men in public life so rich in interesting reminiscences as Senator John M. Palmer of Illinois. And when one glances over the drama of his long life and notes the various parts he has played it is not surprising that his experiences are so varied. No single vocation has confined his powers, says a writer in the Chicago Post. In farming, the law, the battlefield and politics he has been a conspicuous man. Success in any one of these would be considered an achievement enough for any ordinary mortal. But Palmer has done it all. He has been one of the proudest and richest farmers in Illinois. He has won distinction at the bar and on the bench.

It has been Mr. Palmer's privilege to know many great men in the history of the nation. Of them Abraham Lincoln was the greatest, and there is none who does him higher honor than the distinguished Illinois senator. While telling of old times in Washington, recently, Palmer mentioned Lincoln. This prompted a question to which the senator replied by saying that he knew the famous emancipator as far back as 1839. And the two were a great deal together in one way and another during the remainder of Lincoln's life. The senator did not recall those early days so any of the signs of future greatness which others profess to have foreseen.

"I regarded Lincoln as a good lawyer and a fair sort of speaker," the senator said, taking off his gold-rimmed spectacles and laying them on a half-finished speech he was preparing. "None of us thought much about him one way or another, save as we did of one another. He was always good company, and though a great many stories were attributed to him, he never heard of much less told, he was an inveterate story teller. He did not seem to tell stories so much for the stories themselves as for purposes of illustration and application. I could relate many of the things he told and published until everybody knows them—stories I heard him tell myself. But his aim, his purpose in story-telling, I can show you by one story—I think it was about the first I heard him tell. A lot of us were standing together one day listening to ex-Judge Krum of St. Louis roasting a judge who had decided a case against him. Krum criticized the magistrate sharply and wound up by declaring that he would take the case to the supreme court and have the judge and that high tribunal show this magistrate what law was and take some of the conceit out of him at the same time.

Moved Him to Speak. "That," said Lincoln, who was one of the group, "that reminds me of a man who had a dream. He dreamed that if he would go and dig in a certain place and not say a word he would discover some precious treasure. And he dreamed that he went and dug, and that while he was digging a great many things occurred calculated to make him speak, but he didn't open his mouth. He kept between soldiers were fought, and, too, between ships. But he kept on digging and said nothing. Pretty soon a mighty giant came up to the pit and then passed on, taking enormous strides and moving with great rapidity. But the man kept on digging and said nothing. After a while a little bit of a man came prancing up. He stopped at the pit and, seeing the digger, he said: 'Seen a big man pass here?' 'No, sir,' said Lincoln, 'I didn't see him.' 'Well, the man spoke not, whereupon the little fellow said: 'Oh, well, I will catch him.' 'And, well, I will catch him,' he said, 'and he will dig through his legs moving rapidly through his legs covering much ground, which struck the digger so forcibly he forgot himself, and in a tone of disgust and contempt, ejaculated: 'The hell you will!' 'Well, the man spoke not, whereupon the little fellow said: 'Oh, well, I will catch him.' 'And, well, I will catch him,' he said, 'and he will dig through his legs moving rapidly through his legs covering much ground, which struck the digger so forcibly he forgot himself, and in a tone of disgust and contempt, ejaculated: 'The hell you will!' 'Well, the man spoke not, whereupon the little fellow said: 'Oh, well, I will catch him.' 'And, well, I will catch him,' he said, 'and he will dig through his legs moving rapidly through his legs covering much ground, which struck the digger so forcibly he forgot himself, and in a tone of disgust and contempt, ejaculated: 'The hell you will!' 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